

Time

by clexa727

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Summary: Lexa lost Costia in the public eye. Clarke lost Finn in the public eye. This is a story of their recovery, together and apart.
Modern Clexa AU

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Chapter 1

Lexa threw the bottle against the wall, laughing quietly. She loved the sound, it's really the only thing she loved besides the vodka. And hell, the vodka was the only thing she could love, because vodka was always there, it couldn't die, unlike some people.

She stumbled back into her kitchen and opened her freezer, and smiled. From the top to bottom, side to side her freezer was lined with bottles and bottles of vodka. Lexa grabbed three and stumbled back to her room. She threw them on her bed and slammed her door shut, she hated this part. She could never get the top off the bottle. And then the anger would come, and dear lord, that was the worst part.

Her hands shook, her lips trembled and she reached for the bottle and fell to her knees, clawing at the top of the bottle, jerking her hand from left to right, the top not coming lose and she needed to feel that burn. She craved the burn, only thing that made her feel alive, after she lost her. After minutes of jerking and clawing at the bottle top she got mad, she saw red, and crawled to her dresser. She breathed in deep through her nostrils and raised herself up, and she looked herself in her eyes. Her forest green, blood shot eyes and she grew angrier.

Angrier at herself for not going after her, angrier at Nia, for bringing her to that damn club. For having her talk to that guy,

letting her go home with that guy, and not telling her that the guy was a monster. That he was some sick bastard who loved to hurt women, loved to hurt people who hurt him.

She blinked and saw that the bottle was still closed, and she needed that sip, just one sip. And she was still angry, and that burn soothed her. Her rule was three strikes you're out, she'd already tried twice. She lifted the bottle once more and jerked the top again. No result, and her mouth was getting dry, her head getting clearer and she did not want that, and the only thing she could think of was getting the bottle open.

She lifted the bottle high, and with all her might brought the bottle down against the dresser and heard the shatter of glass. She lifted the bottle into her eye sight and smiled in triumph, it was open. The neck of the bottle had scattered cracks and chips, while the open area had jagged tips. The only thing on her mind was get that one sip she wanted. Her trembling hand let the bottle slip out of her fingertips and she yelped slightly.

"Damn it! Fucking shit come back!" She dove for the bottle and the top scarpd against her arm, leaving a huge gash along her forearm.

She looked at her arm a cursed quietly, but the only thing on her mind was that damn sip of vodka she wanted. She ignored the pain and lifted the bottle to her lips. She grimaced, she could taste her blood. Lexa took a deep breath and wrapped her lips around the broken glass and waited for the clear substance to touch her tongue, and when it did she moaned in relief. And kept drinking, until the bottle was empty.

Her head was swimming, and the edges of her sight were blurry, and worsening by the second. She scrambled for her phone, she knew something was very wrong.

Her arm.

Lexa dialed Anya's number and kept muttering about blood and glass. Anya knew it was another episode.

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"Lexa!" Indra yelled

"What?!"

"We need you to get you back in bed." She said softly

Lexa groaned, "I've been in that damn bed for two weeks, let me fucking walk!"

"Do you know why you are in the bed?" Indra sighed, they went through this every day, "you're in the bed because you needed a liver transplant, along with stitches to stop the internal bleeding from swallowing all the glass. Now get your ass in the bed."

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She'd been out of the hospital for about three weeks, and she was

back where she started. Her back pressed against the head board, her TV blank, and a bottle of vodka in between her legs.

Today was the day.

It was the day that her world was turned upside down and it couldn't hurt more.

One year, without _her_.

Lexa refused to cry, it wouldn't help anything.

She was playing their last night together in her mind, beating herself up for not doing things differently, for not just keeping her mouth shut. If she had, god everything would be so much better.

Lexa looked down at the bottle and saw that there was nothing in it.

She needed another.

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Anya knocked on Lexa's door, and waited for the drunk woman to open the door, but nothing.

She whipped out her key and threw the door open.

She saw nothing.

Anya knew yesterday was the day. She knew she should've came over and made sure her friend was at least alive. She knew she should've.

Anya checked Lexa's bathroom, then the kitchen. The freezer was open, restocked with alcohol.

Bedroom.

Anya opened the door quickly, and saw her laying limp in the middle of the bed, four bottles shattered on the floor, the hardwood scratched beyond repair.

She knew this was it.

Dialing nine-one-one she rushed carefully to the bed to check for a pulse. It was faint, but there.

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"Her vitals are stable for now, but she's not going to be fine for a while. The degree of her alcohol poisoning was mild but it is still alcohol poisoning none the less." A deep voice said.

"But she's going to live?" She heard Anya ask.

A heavy sigh and then, "Most likely yes. But don't get your hopes up, her recovery will be long. And because she didn't take care of her replacement liver, she's not going to be given one for a while."

"Don't worry, I'm going to get her back in shape and better, for the most part." Anya promised the doctor.

Lexa then slipped back into sleep.

She didn't know how long it had been, but she was awoken by a loud sob. And a gruff voice mumbling words out.

Her parents.

She groaned and tried to sit up but her head started pounding violently. She heard another sob and it made the pounding worse. She went to open her mouth, but her jaw was glued shut, or so it seemed. She was trying to regain of her body but nothing was working and she needed to open her eyes.

Nothing.

She tried to sit up again and the violent pounding started back up. Her jaw slackened though and she was able to taste the god awful things going on in her mouth. It wasn't pretty, at all. Lexa opened her mouth and her throat screamed for water, her body screamed for food. She started coughing, aggressive, disgusting coughing. Her body bent backwards as she tried to stop the coughing and she heard a sharp crack. And her body went limp again.

Something was wrong, very very wrong.

She heard another sob and then felt hands on her body, hostile hands. Pushing her body to and fro, like a limp play doll and it infuriated her. She wasn't a lump, or a rag doll. She was a human and damn it she wanted to wake up.

She shook her head and started to fit the hands, lashing out and trying with all her might to get them off.

It was no use. They seemed to have a mission to keep touching her.

A hand grasped the inner side of her thigh and her eyes flew open, a scream ripped from her throat.

"GET OFF! GET OFF, GET OFF, PLEASE DON'T TOUCH ME." Her voice carried into the hall and Anya ran into the room and saw where the woman's hand was and cursed inwardly.

"Don't touch her, let her go!" Anya told them firmly.

"If we let her go, she may break a bone or even worse. Now ma'am I need you to step out of the room!"

Please, god please let me go, not again, I can't do it again. No more please!" Lexa pleaded with the air, the memories resurfacing.

"Just let her go you dumb old bitch!" Anya yelled and the women let go.

Lexa kept murmuring to herself, sobbing and lashing out. Her body shook and the doctors lifted their hands, looking at the vibrating woman in front of them, Anya told them they needed to leave and

locked the door behind them.

"Lexa look at me, open your eyes Lex. Its Anya, just breathe and look at me."

"A-Anya I need water. W-water please. Anya please." Lexa pleaded and it broke her heart, but she got the water and helped Lexa sit up, without touching any triggering places on her body.

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Lexa knew it was an honest mistake, she was having an episode and they were just trying to help.

She still couldn't get over the feeling, of someone's hand there. No one was supposed to touch there.

Anya and her parents came and went, she never expected for them all to stay as long as they did. She gave them clipped answers and snide remarks, but they still stayed. And she was so grateful.

She'd never tell them that though.

Lexa knew it was time. She had hit rock bottom and it was time to climb back to the top.

It was time.

End
file.